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CONCERT

OF

ANTIENT MUSIC,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

ROOMS IN TOTTENHAM-STREET,

M,DCC,LXXXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

(No. 1.)

Under the Direction of the Marquis of *Carmarthen*,

Wedneſday, February 7th, 1787.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

A C T I.

Coronation Anthem. Zadock the Prieſt. *Handel.*
Overture, Soſarmes.
Song. O Beauteous Queen *(Eſther)*
Chorus. Your Harps and Cymbals ſound *(Solomon)*
Song. Tune your Harps *(Eſther)*
6th Grand Concerto.
Song. Il confine della Vita *(Muzio Scævola)*
Chorus. From the Cenſer *(Solomon)*

A C T II.

8th Concerto. *Corelli.*
Song. How willing *(Sampſon)* *Handel.*
Chorus. To long Poſterity *(Joſhua)* *Handel.*
Duet. Io t' abbraccio *(Siroe)* *Handel.*
5th Overture. *Martini.*
Song. S'è tuo piacer *(Atalantâ)* *Handel.*
Song. Leon nella foreſta. *Haſſe.*
Chorus. How excellent thy Name *(Saul)* *Handel.*

A C T I.

A N T H E M. *Handel.*

ZADOCK the Prieſt, and Nathan the Prophet, anointed Solomon King: and all the People rejoiced, and ſaid, God ſave the King—long live the King—may the King live for ever. Hallelujah. Amen.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

O beauteous Queen uncloſe thoſe Eyes,
My faireſt ſhall not bleed:
Hear Love's ſoft Voice that bids thee riſe,
And bids thy Suit ſucceed.
Aſk, and 'tis granted from this Hour,
Who ſhares our Heart ſhall ſhare our Pow'r. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Handel.*

YOUR Harps and Cymbals ſound
To great Jehovah's Praiſe,
Unto the Lord of Hoſts
Your willing Voices raiſe.

AIR, Miſs MAHON. *Handel.*

Tune your Harps to chearful Strains,
Moulder Idols into Duſt;
Great Jehovah lives and reigns,
We in great Jehovah truſt. *Da Capo.*

SONG, Mrs. WARTON. *Handel.*

IL confine della vita
Quel ſara del mio penar
Deh, chi langue ſenz Aita
Vieni o morte a Conſolar. *Da Capo*

CHORUS. *Handel.*

FROM the Cenſer curling riſe
Grateful Incenſe to the Skies;
Heaven bleſſes David's Throne,
Happy, happy, Solomon.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Live, live for ever, pious David's Son:
Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon.

ACT II.

SONG, PARRY.

Handel.

HOW willing my paternal Love
The weight to ſhare
Of filial Care,
And part of Sorrow's burden prove;
Tho' wand'ring in the Shades of Night
Whilſt I have Eyes he wants no Light.

CHORUS in JOSHUA.

Handel.

TO long Poſterity we here record
The wond'rous Paſſage, and the Land reſtor'd.
In wat'ry Heaps affrighted Jordan ſtood,
And backward to the Fountain roll'd his Flood.

DUET, Mrs. WARTON, Miſs MAHON.

IO t'abbraccio,
E più che morte
Aſpro è forte
E pel cor mio
Queſto addio
Che il tuo ſen dal mio divide
R. Ah mia vita
A. Oh mio Teſoro
Se non moro
E più tiranno
Quel affanno
Che da morte e non uccide.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

S'E tuo piacer ch'io mora
Vado a morir, Irene
Vado a piacerti ſi.
Ricordati però, che morto ancor
Sarò fedel al tuo rigor,
Che il cor m'incerenì. *Da Capo.*

SONG, Mrs. WARTON.

Haſſe.

LEON nella foreſta
Se il cacciator l' infeſta
Fremi nell 'ire inſano
Corra dal mouti al piano
E fà coi ſuoi ruggite
Le valle a riſcionar
Non trova mai nel Cuor
Retegno ſuo furore
Irato at corre e fiero
Nell offen ſore altiero
I tortia vendicar, *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Handel.*

HOW excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the World is known!
Above all Heavens, O King ador'd,
How haſt thou ſet thy glorious Throne!

AIR, Miſs MAHON.

An Infant rais'd by thy command,
To quell thy rebel Foes,
Could fierce Goliah's dreadful Hand
Superior in the fight oppoſe.

TRIO CHORUS.

Along the Monſter Atheiſt ſtrode,
With more than human Pride;
And armies of the living God,
Exulting in his Strength defy'd.

FULL CHORUS.

The Youth inſpired by Thee, O Lord,
With Eaſe the Boaſter ſlew;
Our fainting Courage ſoon reſtor'd,
And headlong drove that impious Crew.
How excellent thy Name, O Lord!
In all the World is known!
Above all Heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How haſt thou ſet thy glorious Throne!

HALLELUJAH.

FINIS.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH, FOR THE EARL OF EXETER.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1787.

ACT I.

OVERTURE, *(Alexander Severus)*	*Handel.*
Song. Vo ſolcando un mar crudele *(Artaxerxes)*	*Vinci.*
3d CONCERTO.	*Bond.*
Song. Dirti ben mio vorrei.	*Leo.*
Recitative and Chorus. Fools nor Madmen *(Occaſional Oratorio)*	*Handel.*
Recitative and Song. Or ſe la Verita *(Triompho del Tempo e della Verita)*	*Handel.*
Song. Son qual nave *(Artaxerxes)*	*Haſſe.*
Recitative and Chorus. Search round the World *(Solomon)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

2d CONCERTO. Opera 2da.	*Geminiani.*
Te Deum.	*Purcell.*
Song. Jehovah to my Word *(Occaſional Oratorio)*	*Handel.*
Gloria Patri.	*Handel.*

A C T I.

SONG, Miſs MAHON.

Vinci.

VO ſolcando un mar crudele,
Senza vele, e ſenza ſarte;
Freme l'onda, il ciel s'imbruna,
Creſce il vento, e manca l'arte,
E il voler della fortuna
Son coſtretto a ſeguitar.
Infelice in queſto ſtato
Son da tutti abbandonato;
Meco e ſola l' Innocenza
Che me porta a naufragar. *Da Capo.*

SONG, Miſs HARWOOD. *Leo.*

DIRTI ben mio vorrei
Che l'Idol mio tu ſei,
Che t'amo,
Che t'adoro
Ma non lo poſſo dir.
Io t'amerò celando
Il mio crudel martoro
Andrai tu luſingando
L'occulto tuo martir. *Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE. Mr. PARRY. *Handel.*

Fools nor Madmen ſtand not within thy Sight,
All Workers of Iniquity Thou hat'ſt
And them unbleſſed, Thou wilt deſtroy;
The bloody and guileful Man Thou doſt deteſt.

CHORUS.

GOD found them guilty, let them fall,
By their own councils quell'd;
Puſh'd them in their rebellions all,
For againſt him they had rebell'd.

RECITATIVE and SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

Or ſe la verita.
Del ſole eterno
Tragge luce immortale
Emolo ſcopre farò
Ch' al mio deſio
Riſpondan' l'opre.

S O N G.

Qual del Ciel miniſtro eletto
Non vedra piu nel mio petto
Voglia infida e vano ardor
E ſe viſi ingrata a Dio,
El cuſtode del cor mio
Lo vedra pieno d'amor. *Da Capo.*

SONG, Mrs. WARTON. *Haſſe.*

SON qual nave che agitata
Da piu ſcogli in mezzo all' onde,
Si confonde e ſpaventata
Va ſolcando in alto mar.
Ma in veder l'amato Lido
Laſcia l'onde, e il vento infido
E va in Porto a ripoſar.

RECITATIVE. Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

Search round the World, there never yet was ſeen
So wiſe a Monarch, or ſo chaſte a Queen.

CHORUS.

MAY no raſh Intruder diſturb their ſoft Hours;
To form fragrant Pillows, ariſe, O ye Flowers!
Ye Zephyrs, ſoft breathing, their Slumbers prolong,
While Nightingales lull them to ſleep with their Song.

ACT II.

TE DEUM.

Purcell.

WE praiſe thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the Earth doth worſhip thee: the Father everlaſting.
To thee all Angels cry aloud: the Heavens and all the Powers therein.
To thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.
Heaven and Earth are full of the Majeſty: of thy Glory.
The glorious Company of the Apoſtles: praiſe thee.
The goodly Fellowſhip of the Prophets: praiſe thee.
The noble Army of Martyrs: praiſe thee.

The holy Church throughout all the World: doth acknowledge thee.

The Father of an infinite Majeſty;

Thine honourable, true: and only Son;

Alſo the Holy Ghoſt, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory: O Chriſt.

Thou art the everlaſting Son: of the Father.

When thou tookeſt upon thee to deliver Man: thou didſt not abhor the Virgin's Womb.

When thou hadſt overcome the Sharpneſs of Death: thou didſt open the Kingdom of Heaven to all Believers.

Thou ſitteſt at the Right Hand of God: in the Glory of the Father.

We believe that thou ſhalt come: to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy Servants: whom thou haſt redeemed with thy precious Blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy Saints: in Glory everlaſting.

O Lord ſave thy people: and bleſs thine Heritage.

Govern them: and liſt them up for ever.

Day by Day: we magnify thee;

And we worſhip thy Name: ever World without End.

Vouchſafe, O Lord: to keep us this Day without Sin.

O Lord, have Mercy upon us: have Mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy Mercy lighten upon us: as our truſt is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I truſted: let me never be confounded.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

JEHOVAH to my Word give Ear,
My Meditations weigh,
The Voice of my Complaining hear—
To Thee alone, my God, I pray.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghoſt.

As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever ſhall be, World without End. Amen.

END OF THE SECOND CONCERT.

N. B. The next Concert will be on Wedneſday the 28th of February.

(No. 3.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28th, 1787.

ACT I.

OVERTURE, *(Theſeus)*	*Handel.*
Anthem. Lord what Love have I, &c.	*Kent.*
The Paſſions. Sweep, ſweep the Strings, &c. *(Solomon)*	*Handel.*
2d CONCERTO.	*Bond.*
Song. Se il mio duol.	*Haſſe.*
Chorus. When his Loud Voice, *(Jeptha)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE, *(Admetus)*	*Handel.*
Fear no Danger *(Dido and Æneas)*	*Purcell.*
Song. Ch'io parta ſi crudele *(Parthenope)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Wretched Lovers, *(Acis and Galatea)*	*Handel.*
Song. Return O God of Hoſts, *(Samſon)*	*Handel.*
7th CONCERTO.	*Corelli Geminiani.*
Recit. and Air. Ye Sacred Prieſts, *(Jeptha)*	*Handel.*
Laſt Chorus in Stabat Mater.	*D'Aſtorga.*

A C T I.

ANTHEM, Miſs MAHON and Miſs HARWOOD.

DUET. *Kent.*

LORD, what love have I unto thy law—all the day long is my ſtudy in it.

VERSE, Miſs HARWOOD.

The law of thy mouth is dearer unto me than thouſands of gold and ſilver.

DUET.

O, how ſweet are thy words unto my throat; yea, ſweeter than honey unto my mouth!

CHORUS.

Thy righteouſneſs is an everlaſting righteouſneſs, and Thy law is the truth. Trouble and heavineſs have taken hold upon me; yet is my delight in thy commandments.

THE PASSIONS, Mr. HARRISON.

RECIT. *Handel.*

Sweep, ſweep the ſtrings, to ſooth the royal fair,
And rouſe the Paſſion to th'alternate air.

AIR and CHORUS.

Muſic ſpread thy voice around,
Sweetly flow the lulling ſound.

AIR and CHORUS.

Now a diff'rent meaſure try,
Shake the dome and pierce the ſky:
Rouſe us next to martial deeds,
Clanking arms and neighing ſteeds:
Seem in Fury to oppoſe——
Now the hard-fought battle glows.

RECIT. and CHORUS.

Then, at once from Rage remove,
Draw the tear from hopeleſs Love;
Lengthen out the ſolemn air,
Full of Death and wild Deſpair.

RECIT.

Next the tortured ſoul releaſe,
And the mind reſtore to peace.

AIR and CHORUS.

Thus rolling ſurges riſe
And plough the troubled main,
But ſoon the tempeſt dies,
And all is calm again.

SONG, Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Se il mio duol ſe i mali miei
Se diceſſi il mio periglio
Ti farei cader dal ciglio
Qualche lagrima per me]
E'ſi barbaro, il mio fato
Che beato io chiamo un core
Se puo dir del ſuo dolore
La cagione almen qual'è.

Da Capo.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

When his loud voice in thunder ſpoke,
With conſcious fear the billows broke,
Obſervant of his dread command:
In vain they roll their foaming tide,
Confin'd by that great power
That gave them ſtrength to roar.
They now contract their boiſt'rous pride,
And laſh with idle rage the laughing ſtrand.

ACT II.

SONG, *Purcell.*

Fear no danger to enſue,
The hero loves as well as you;
Ever gentle, ever ſmiling,
And the cares of life beguiling:
Cupids ſtrew your paths with flowers,
Gather'd from Elyſian bowers.

SONG Mr. HARRISON.

Ch' io parta ſi crudele
Parto má ſenza cor
Che nel mio ſen fedele
Nel luogo ov'era il cor
E il mio dolor. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Handel.*

Wretched lovers! fate has paſs'd
This ſad decree; no joys ſhall laſt.
Wretched lovers! quit your dream,
Behold the monſter Polypheme!
See what ample ſtrides he takes;
The mountain nods, the foreſt ſhakes;
The waves run frightened to the ſhores:
Hark how the thund'ring giant roars!

AIR, Mrs. WARTON.

Return O God of hoſts! behold
Thy ſervant in diſtreſs,
His mighty griefs redreſs,
Nor by the Heathen be they told.

CHORUS.

To duſt his glory they would tread,
And number him amongſt the dead.

RECIT. Accomp. Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Handel.

Ye ſacred prieſts, whoſe hands ne'er yet were ſtain'd
With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will? The call
Of Heaven with humble reſignation I obey.

AIR.

Farewel ye limpid ſprings and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads and mazy woods;
Farewel thou buſy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain.
Brighter ſcenes I ſeek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

CHORUS. *D'Aſtorga.*

Chriſte, cum ſitiam exire,
Da per matrem me venire,
Ad palmam victoriæ,
Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut anima donetur,
Paradiſi gloriâ.

AMEN.

END OF THE THIRD CONCERT.

(No. 4.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF UXBRIDGE.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7th, 1787.

A C T I.

Overture and Chorus. O the pleaſures of the plain, *(Acis and Galatea)*	*Handel.*
Glee. Flora gave me faireſt flowers.	*Wilbye.*
Air and Chorus. Softly riſe, *(Solomon)*	*Dr. Boyce.*
3d CONCERTO. Op. 4th.	*Aviſon.*
Song. Where e'er you walk, *(Semele)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Righteous Heaven, *(Suſanna)*	*Handel.*

A C T II.

1ſt Movement and March, *(Saul)*	*Handel.*
Muſic in the Tempeſt.	*Purcell.*
Air and Chorus. He choſe a mournful muſe, &c. *(Alexander's Feaſt)*	*Handel.*
11th CONCERTO.	*Corelli.*
Cara ſpoſa *(Rhadamiſtus)*	*Handel.*
The Lord ſhall reign, *(Iſrael in Egypt)*	*Handel.*

RECIT. Accomp. Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Handel.

Ye ſacred prieſts, whoſe hands ne'er yet were ſtain'd
With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will? The call
Of Heaven with humble reſignation I obey.

AIR.

Farewel ye limpid ſprings and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads and mazy woods;
Farewel thou buſy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain.
Brighter ſcenes I ſeek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

CHORUS. *D'Aſtorga.*

Chriſte, cum ſitiam exire,
Da per matrem me venire,
Ad palmam victoriæ,
Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut anima donetur,
Paradiſi gloriâ.

AMEN.

END OF THE THIRD CONCERT.

(No. 4.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF UXBRIDGE.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7th, 1787.

ACT I.

Overture and Chorus. O the pleaſures of the plain, *(Acis and Galatea)*	*Handel.*
Glee. Flora gave me faireſt flowers.	*Wilbye.*
Air and Chorus. Softly riſe, *(Solomon)*	*Dr. Boyce.*
3d CONCERTO. Op. 4th.	*Aviſon.*
Song. Where e'er you walk, *(Semele)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Righteous Heaven, *(Suſanna)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

1ſt Movement and March, *(Saul)*	*Handel.*
Muſic in the Tempeſt.	*Purcell.*
Air and Chorus. He choſe a mournful muſe, &c. *(Alexander's Feaſt)*	*Handel.*
11th CONCERTO.	*Corelli.*
Cara ſpoſa *(Rhadamiſtus)*	*Handel.*
The Lord ſhall reign, *(Iſrael in Egypt)*	*Handel.*

A C T I.

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

O THE pleaſure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy ſwains!
Harmleſs, merry, free and gay,
Dance and ſport the hours away.
For us the zephyr blows,
For us diſtils the dew;
For us unfolds the roſe,
And flowers diſplay their hue.
For us the winters rain;
For us the ſummers ſhine;
Spring ſwells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

Da Capo.

GLEE. *Wilbye.*

Flora gave me faireſt flowers,
None ſo fair in Flora's treaſure:
Theſe I plac'd in Phillis' bower;
She was pleas'd, and ſhe's my pleaſure.
Smiling meadows ſeem to ſay
Come, ye wantons, here to play.

AIR, Mr. HARRISON. *Dr. Boyce.*

Softly riſe, O ſouthern breezes,
And kindly fan the blooming trees;
Upon my ſpicy garden blow,
That ſweets from every part may flow.

CHORUS.

Ye ſouthern breezes gently blow,
That ſweets from ev'ry part may flow.

SONG, Mrs. BILLINGTON. *Handel.*

Where e'er you walk cool gales ſhall fan the glade;
Trees where you ſit ſhall crowd into a ſhade:
Where e'er you tread the bluſhing flowers ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your eyes.

Da Capo.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

RIGHTEOUS Heaven beholds their guile,
And forbears his wrath awhile;
Yet his bolt ſhall quickly fly,
Darted through the flaming ſky:
Tremble guilt, for thou ſhalt find
Wrath divine outſtrips the wind.

ACT II.

AIR, Miſs HARWOOD. *Purcell.*

COME unto theſe yellow ſands,
And there take hands;
Foot it featly here and there,
And let the reſt the burthen bear.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark!
The watch-dogs bark:
Hark! I hear
The ſtrain of chanticleer.

CHORUS.

Around, around we pace
About this curſed place;
While thus we compaſs in
Theſe mortals and their ſin.

AIR, Miſs HARWOOD.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made!
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange,
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them ding dong bell.

CHORUS.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them ding dong bell.

AIR, Mrs. WARTON.

Kind fortune ſmiles, and ſhe
Hath yet in ſtore for thee
Some ſtrange felicity;
Follow me, and you ſhall ſee.

AIR, Mr. PARRY.

See, ſee the heavens ſmile,
With clouds no more o'ercaſt;
In this now happy iſle
Are all our ſorrows paſt. *Da Capo.*

QUARTETTO.

Where the bee ſucks there lurk I,
In a cowſlip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back do I fly,
After ſunſet, merrily.
Merrily, merrily ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

AIR, Miſs MAHON.

Halcyon days, now ſtorms are ending,
You ſhall find whene'er you ſail;
Tritons all the while attending,
With a kind and pleaſant gale,
Safely guard you to the ſhore,
And your peace and joy reſtore.

CHORUS.

No ſtars again ſhall hurt you from above,
But all your days ſhall paſs in peace and love.

RECIT. accompanied. Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Handel.

He choſe a mournful muſe,
Soft pity to infuſe.

A I R.

He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate
Fall'n from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deſerted at his utmoſt need
By thoſe his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
Without a friend to cloſe his eyes.

R E C I T.

With downcaſt looks the joyleſs victor ſat,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below,
And now and then a ſigh he ſtole,
And tears began to flow.

C H O R U S.

Behold Darius great and good,
Fallen welt'ring in his blood;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
Without a friend to cloſe his eyes.

S O N G, Mr. H A R R I S O N. *Handel.*

Caro ſpoſa, amato bene
Prendi ſpeme
Che non ſempre irato il cielo
Volgerà lo ſdegno in me,
Sgombro oh Dio dal nobil Core,
Il dolore ch'il vederti lagrimare,
Fà tremar lo ſpirto é'l pie. *Da Capo.*

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

R E C I T. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

For the houſe of Pharaoh with his chariots, and with his horſemen hath he thrown into the ſea. And the Lord brought again the water of the ſea upon them: but the children of Iſrael went on dry land in the midſt of the ſea.

CHORUS.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

And Miraim the propheteſs, the ſiſter of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand: and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances.

CHORUS.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed glorioufly, The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever. The horſe and his rider hath he thrown into the ſea.

END OF THE FOURTH CONCERT.

(No. 5.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD VISCOUNT DUDLEY AND WARD.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14th, 1787.

A C T I.

OVERTURE, *(Eſther)*	*Handel.*
Song. Se poſſono tanto, *(Porus)*	*Handel.*
2d CONCERTO, Op. 8th.	*Martini.*
Firſt Part of Stabat Mater.	*Pergoleſi.*
Trio. Like a bright cherub, *(Gideon)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. From the Eaſt, *(Solomon)*	*Handel.*

A C T II.

OVERTURE. *(Rodelinda)*	*Handel.*
Song. Rendi il ſereno, *(Soſarmes)*	*Handel.*
Second Part of Stabat Mater	*Pergoleſi.*
1ſt CONCERTO. Op. 3d.	*Geminiani.*
Song. Va tacito, *(Julius Cæſar)*	*Handel.*
Song. Chaſtity thou cherub, *(Suſannah)*	*Handel.*
Recit. March and Chorus. Glory to God, *(Joſhua)*	*Handel.*

ACT I.

SONG, Signor RUBINELLI.

Handel.

SE poſſono tanto due luci vezzoſe
Son degne di pianto le furie geloſe
D'un alma infelice d'un miſero cor.
S'accenda un momento chi ſgrida chi dice
Che vano èl tormento, che ingiuſto è il dolor.

Da Capo.

FIRST PART OF STABAT MATER.

DUETTO, Signor RUBINELLI and Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Pergoleſi.

Stabat mater doloroſa,
Juxta crucem, lacrymoſa,
Dum pendebat filius.

AIR, Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Cujus animam gementem,
Contriſtantem et dolentem,
Pertranſivit gladius.

CHORUS.

O quam triſtis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti!

AIR, Signor RUBINELLI.

Quam mœrebat et dolebat
Pia Mater dum videbat
Nati penas incliti!

DUETTO, Mrs. BILLINGTON and Signor RUBINELLI.

Quis eſt homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Chriſti ſi videret
In tanto ſupplicio?
Quis non poſſet contriſtari,
Matrem Chriſti contemplari,
Dolentem cum filio?
Pro peccatis ſuæ gentis,
Vidit Jeſum in tormentis,
Et flagellis ſubditum:

AIR, Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Vidit ſuum dulcem natum,
Moriendo, deſolatum,
Dum emiſit ſpiritum.

AIR, Mrs. WARTON.

Eja Mater! fons amoris,
Me ſentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

CHORUS.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum,
In amando Chriſtum Deum,
Ut ſibi complaceam.

TRIO, Mrs. BILLINGTON, Miſs HARWOOD, and Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

Like a bright cherub, ſome mortal befriending,
Mercy now glides from th' empyreal throne;
Hope, her wing'd herald, glad omens portending
With joy and bleſſing this conqueſt to crown.

CHORUS.

Handel.

From the Eaſt unto the Weſt,
Who ſo wiſe as Solomon?
Who like Iſrael's king is bleſs'd?
Who ſo worthy of a throne?

A C T II.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

RENDI il ſereno al ciglio,
Madre, non pianger più.
Temer d'alcun periglio
Oggi come puoi tu?

Da Capo.

SECOND PART OF STABAT MATER.

DUETTO, Mrs. BILLINGTON and Signor RUBINELLI.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo, valide;
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.
Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero;
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare,
In planctu desidero.
Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara:
Fac me tecum plangere.

AIR, Signor RUBINELLI.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.
Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore filii.

DUET. Mrs. BILLINGTON and Signor RUBINELLI.

Inflammatus et accenſus
Per te, Virgo, ſim defenſus
In die judicii.
Fac me crucem cuſtodiri
Morte Chriſti præmuniri
Conſoveri gratia.

DUET and CHORUS, Mrs. BILLINGTON and Signor RUBINELLI.

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut anima donetur,
Paradiſi gloria.

CHORUS.

AMEN.

SONG, Mrs. WARTON.

Handel.

VA tacito e naſcoſto
Quand' avido è di preda
L'aſtuto cacciator.
Così chi è al mal diſpoſto
Non brama, ch' alcun veda
L' Inganno del ſuo cor.

SONG, Mrs. BILLINGTON. *Handel.*

Chaſtity, thou cherub bright,
Gentle as the dawn of light,
Soft as muſic's dying ſtrain,
Teach the fair how vain is beauty,
When ſhe breaks the bounds of duty,
Vain are charms, and graces vain.

Da Capo.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

'Tis well! Six times the Lord hath been obey'd,
Low in the duſt the town ſhall ſoon be laid:
Now the ſeventh ſun the gilded domes adorns,
Sound the ſhrill trumpets—ſhout, and blow the horns!

MARCH and CHORUS.

Glory to God; the ſtrong-cemented walls,
The tott'ring tow'rs, the pond'rous ruin falls;
The nations tremble at the dreadful ſound,
Heav'n thunders, tempeſts roar, and groans the ground!

END OF THE FIFTH CONCERT.

(No. 6.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD VISCOUNT FITZWILLIAM.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21ſt, 1787.

A C T I.

5th Grand CONCERTO.	*Handel.*
Song. Dall'ondoſo, *(Julius Cæſar)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Lo! thus we bow, *(Indian Queen)*	*Purcel.*
Song. Se Poteſſero, *(Imeneo)*	*Handel.*
Recit. and Chorus. O thou bright orb, *(Joſhua)*	*Handel.*
Song. What though I trace, *(Solomon)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Great and wond'rous. *(Gideon)*	*Handel.*

A C T II.

2d OVERTURE.	*Martini.*
Scene in Joſhua	*Handel.*
Song. Se l'arco, *(Admetus)*	*Handel.*
11th CONCERTO.	*Corelli Geminiani.*
Song. O ſleep, *(Semele)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. How excellent thy name, *(Saul)*	*Handel.*

A C T I.

SONG, accompanied, Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

Dall'ôndoſo periglio
Salvo mi porta al lido
Il mio propizio fato:
Qui la Celeſte Parca
Non tronca ancor lo ſtame alla mia vita!

Ma dove andrò?
E chi mi porge aita?
Ove ſon le mie ſchiere?
Ove ſon le legioni?
Che a tante mie vittorie il varco apriro?
Solo in queſt' erme arene
Al monarcha del mondo errar conviene.

A I R.

Aure deh per pietà
Spirate al petto mio,
Per dar conforto, oh Dio!
Al mio dolor
Dite dov' è? che fa
L' idolo del mio ſen,
L' amato e dolce ben,
Di' queſto ſen?

RECITATIVE.

Ma d'ogni intorno io veggio
Sparſe d' arme, e d' eſtinti
L' infortunate arene
Segno d' infauſto annunzio al fin ſarà.

Air. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Purcell.*

Lo! thus we bow before your ſhrine,
That ye may hear, great powers divine,
All living things ſhall in your praiſes join.

RECIT. Mr. PARRY.

You, who at the altar ſtand,
Waiting for the dread command,
The fatal word ſhall ſoon be heard;
Anſwer then,—is all prepar'd?

CHORUS.

All is prepar'd

RECIT.

Let all unhallow'd ſouls be gone,
Before our ſacred rites come on.
Take care that this be done.

CHORUS.

All is done.

RECIT,

Now in proceſſion walk along,
And then begin your ſolemn ſong.

CHORUS.

All diſmal ſounds ſhall on theſe offerings wait,
Your power is ſhewn by their untimely fate:
While by ſuch various fates we learn to know,
There's nothing to be truſted here below.

SONG, Miſs MAHON. *Handel.*

Se poteſſero i ſoſpir miei
Far che l'onde a queſte
Sponde riportaſſero il
Legno infido io vorrei
Tutti ſcioliere ſul lido
I ſoſpir del mio cor
Ma non poſſono far del mare
L' ali ritonari a me Roſmene
Deh' ſu queſte arene
La conduca il Dio d'amor.

RECIT. accompanied, Mr. HARRISON.
Handel.

Oh! thou bright orb, great ruler of the day!
Stop thy ſwift courſe, and over Gideon ſtay.
And oh! thou milder lamp of light, the moon,
Stand ſtill, prolong thy beams in Ajalon.

CHORUS.

Behold the liſt'ning ſun the voice obeys,
And in mid heaven his rapid motion ſtays.
Before our arms the ſcatter'd nations fly,
Breathleſs they pant, they yield, they fall, they die.

AIR, Mrs. BILLINGTON. *Handel.*

What though I trace each herb and flower
That drinks the morning dew,
Did I not own Jehovah's pow'r,
How vain were all I knew?

CHORUS. *Handel.*

Great and wondrous are thy works, O Lord;
We truſt in thy ſalvation:
Ophra, firſt bleſs'd, ſhall bleſs thy holy land,
And happy make thy faithful choſen nation.
Amen.

A C T II.

RECIT. accompanied, Mrs. BILLINGTON and Miſs HARWOOD. *Handel.*

Othniel. IN theſe bleſt ſcenes, where conſtant pleaſure reigns,
And herds, and bleating flocks, adorn the plains:
Where the ſoft ſeaſon all its bleſſings ſheds,
Refreſhing rivers and enamell'd meads:
Here, in the covert of ſome palm-tree ſhade,
Direct me, love, to Achſah, blooming maid!

Achſah. O Othniel, Othniel!

Othniel. 'Tis my name I hear!
Othniel, in melting accent, ſtrikes my ear.

Achſah. **AIR.**

O Othniel, Othniel, valiant youth,
May Heaven reward thy love and truth!

Othniel. 'Tis Achſah's voice; who but that heavenly fair
Could breath ſo tender and ſo ſweet a prayer?

Achſah. But ſee! he comes—he heard, and knows his pow'r.

Othniel. Hail! lovely virgin of this bliſsful bow'r;
How ſweet the muſic of thy tuneful tongue.

Achſah. Theſe praiſes to the feather'd choir belong.

AIR.

Hark! 'tis the linnet, 'tis the thruſh;
In dulcet notes
They pour their throats,
And wake the morn on ev'ry buſh:
From morn to eve they chant their love,
And fill with melody the grove.

DUET.

Our limpid ſtreams with freedom flow,
And feel no icy chains;
No moulded hail, no fleecy ſnow,
Polute our fruitful plains:
The years one vernal circle move,

And ſtill the ſame { like Othniel's love.
like Achſah's love.

RECITATIVE.

Othniel. The trumpet calls; now Jericho ſhall know
What 'tis to have a lover for a foe.
The city conquer'd, I ſhall hope to find
Thy father Caleb, like his Achſah, kind.

CHORUS.

May all the hoſt of Heaven attend him round,
And angels waft him back, with conqueſt crown'd.

SONG, Mrs. WARTON. *Handel.*

Se l'arco aveſſi ſtrali
Direi ch' in forma umana
Venuta ſia Diana
A ſaettar le belve.
Se ſon, dimmi mortali
O bella Ninfa i lumi,
Se nacquero fra i Numi,
O pur fra queſte ſelve. *Da Capo.*

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

O ſleep, why doſt thou leave me?
Why thy viſionary joys remove?
O ſleep again deceive me,
To my arms reſtore my wand'ring love.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

How excellent thy name O Lord!
In all the earth is known!
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How haſt thou ſet thy glorious throne!

AIR, Miſs MAHON.

An infant rais'd by thy command,
To quell thy rebel foes,
Could fierce Goliah's dreadful hand
Superior in the fight oppoſe.

TRIO CHORUS.

Along the monſter Atheiſt ſtrode,
With more than human pride,
And armies of the living God,
Exulting in his ſtrength, defy'd.

FULL CHORUS.

The youth, inſpir'd by Thee, O Lord,
With eaſe the boaſtor ſlew:
Our fainting courage ſoon reſtor'd,
And headlong drove that impious crew.
How excellent thy name, O Lord!
In all the world is known!
Above all heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How haſt Thou ſet Thy glorious throne.
HALLELUJAH.

END OF THE SIXTH CONCERT.

(No. 7.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, Bart.

For Lord GREY de WILTON.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28th, 1787.

ACT I.

Overture and Chorus. Viva viva, *(Julius Cæſar)*
Song. Sin not, O king, *(Saul)*
9th Grand CONCERTO.
Song. Scherza in mar, *(Lothario)*
Song. Priva ſon, *(Julius Cæſar)*
Anthem. O praiſe the Lord.

} *Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE, *(Alcina)*
Song. Piangero, *(Julius Cæſar)*

} *Handel.*

6th CONCERTO, *(from his Solos)* *Geminiani.*
Recit. accompanied. Thus ſaith the Lord
Chorus. Sing O ye heavens, *(Belſhazzar)*
Song and Chorus. Then will I, *(Occaſional Oratorio)*
Duetto. Son nata, *(Julius Cæſar)*
Chorus. O God who in, *(Joſeph)*

} *Handel.*

THE Oratorios will be continued next year on the ſame terms as on the preſent; and thoſe who wiſh to become ſubſcribers are deſired to ſend their names, as ſoon as may be convenient, to Mr. ASHLEY at Pimlico, or to Mr. LEE, at No. 46, Wigmore Street.

A C T I.

CHORUS.

VIVA viva il noſtro Alcide,
Goda il Nilo in queſto dì.
Ogni ſpiaggia per lui ride.
Ogni affanno già ſparì.

SONG, Mrs. WARTON. *Handel.*

Sin not, O king, againſt the youth
Who ne'er offended you;
Think to his loyalty and truth
What great rewards are due.
From cities ſtorm'd and battles won
What glory can accrue,
By this hero beſt is known—
Ho can himſelf ſubdue.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

Scherza in mar la navicella,
Mentre ride aura ſeconda,
Ma ſe poi fiera procella
Turba il ciel ſconvolge vonda,
Va perduta a naufragar.

Non coſi queſto miò core,
Cadera d'un empia ſorte
Allo ſdegno ed al furore,
Che per anco in faccia a morte,
So da grande trionfar. *Da Capo.*

SONG, Signor RUBINELLI. *Handel.*

Cor. Priva ſon d' ogni conforto
E pur ſpeme di morire
Per me miſera non v' e.
Il mio Cor da pene aſſorto
è già ſtanco di ſoffrire,
E morir ſi niega a me.

Da Capo.

ANTHEM.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

O praiſe the Lord with one conſent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the ſervants of the Lord
His worthy praiſe proclaim.

VERSE, Mr. HARRISON.

For this our trueſt intereſt is,
Glad hymns of praiſe to ſing:
And with loud ſongs to bleſs his name—
A moſt delightful thing!

VERSE, Mr. PARRY.

That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found;
And ſeen how he with wond'rous pow'r
Above all Gods is crown'd.

CHORUS.

With cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raiſe;
Let all, inſpir'd with Godly mirth,
Sing ſolemn hymns with praiſe.

VERSE, Mrs. BILLINGTON.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth ſhall ne'er decay:
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

CHORUS.

Ye boundleſs realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praiſe your ſongs employ,
Above the ſtarry frame.
Your voices raiſe, ye cherubim
And ſeraphim, to ſing his praiſe.

Hallelujah!

ACT II.

RECIT, Mrs. BILLINGTON. *Handel.*

E pur cosi m' un giorno
Perdo fasti e grandezze?
Ahi fato Rio;
Cesare il mio bel nume
E forse estinto;
Cornelia e Sesto inerme
Son, ne Sanno darmi Soccorso;
Oh Die! non resta a luna
Speme al viver mio.

SONG.

Piangeró la sorte mia
Sí crudele e tanto ria
Finché vita in petto avró
Ma poi morta d' ogni intorno
Il tiranno e notte e giorno
Fatta spettro agiterô.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE accompanied, Mr. PARRY.

Thus ſaith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed,
Whoſe right hand I have holden, to ſubdue
Nations before him: I will go before thee
To looſe the ſtrong-knit loins of mighty kings,
Make ſtraight the crooked places, break in pieces
The gates of ſolid braſs, and cut in ſunder
The bars of iron, for my ſervant's ſake.
Iſr'el my choſen, though thou haſt not known me
I have ſurnam'd thee; I have girded thee;
That from the riſing to the ſetting ſun
The nations may conſeſs I am the Lord;
There is none elſe, there is no God beſides me:
Thou ſhalt perform my pleaſure, to Jeruſalem
Saying, thou ſhalt be built; and to the temple,
Thy raz'd foundation ſhall again be laid.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

Sing, O ye Heavens, for the Lord hath done it;
Earth from thy centre ſhout;
Break forth, ye mountains, into ſongs of joy:
O foreſt, and each tree therein,
Jehovah hath redeemed Jacob,
And glorify'd himſelf in Iſrael.

Hallelujah.

SONG, Miſs HARWOOD. *Handel.*

Then will I Jehovah's praiſe
According to his juſtice raiſe,
And ſing the name and deity
Of Jehovah, the Moſt High;
Ever let my thanks endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

CHORUS.

All his mercies ſhall endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

DUETTO, Mrs. BILLINGTON and Signor RUBINELI.

Cornelia. } Son nata
Seſto. } Son nato } a lagrimar
E il dolce mio conforto
Ah ſempre piangerò:
Se il Fato ci tradì,
Sereno, e lieto dì
Mai più ſperar potrò.

R *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Handel.*

O God, who in thy heav'nly hand
Doſt hold the hearts of mighty kings,
O take thy Jacob, and his land,
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wings.
Thou know'ſt our wants before our pray'r,
Then let us not confounded be;
Thy tender mercies let us ſhare,
O Lord, we truſt alone in thee.

END OF THE SEVENTH CONCERT.

N. B. The next Concert will be on Wedneſday the 18th of April.

(No. 8.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, Bart.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18th, 1787.

ACT I.

OVERTURE, *(Semele)*
Chorus. O filial piety, *(Hercules)*
Song. Here amid, &c. *(Alexander Balus)*
2d Hautboy CONCERTO
Duetto. Se mai turbo, *(Porus)*
Song. My father, *(Hercules)*
March and Chorus. Crown with feſtal pomp, *(Hercules)*

} HANDEL.

ACT II.

Te Deum. Compoſed for the Duke of Chandos' Chapel
Song. Non vi piacque, *(Siroe)*
12th Grand CONCERTO.
Song. Brilla nel alma, *(Alexander)*
Chorus. Praiſe the Lord, *(Solomon)*

A C T I.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

O FILIAL piety! O generous love!
Go youth, inſpir'd, thy virtue prove:
Immortal fame attends thee,
And pitying Heav'n befriends thee:
O filial piety! O generous love!
Go youth, inſpir'd, thy virtue prove.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

Here amid theſe ſhady woods,
Fragrant flowers, and chryſtal floods;
Taſte, my ſoul, this charming ſeat,
Love and glory's calm retreat.

DUET, Mrs. WARTON and Mrs. AMBROSE. *Handel.*

Porus. Se mai turbo il tuo ripoſo
Se m'accendo ad altro lume
Pace mai non abbia il cor.

Cleofida. Se mai piu ſaro geloſo
Mi puniſca il ſacro Nume
Che dell' Indie e' domator

Porus. Infidel queſt' e' l'amore?

Cleofida. Menzognier queſt é la fede?

Both. Chi non crede al mio dolore
Che lo paſſa un di provar.

Porus. Per chi perdo o giuſti Dei.
Il repoſo de' miei giorni

Cleofida. A chi mai gl'affetti miei
Giuſti Dei ſerbai ſin' ora

Both. Ah! ſi mora e non ſi torna
Per l'ingrato a Soſpira.

Da Capo.

SONG, Mrs. BILLINGTON. *Handel.*

My father—Ah! methinks I ſee
The ſword inflict the deadly wound:
He bleeds—he falls—in agony,
Dying, he bites the bloody ground.
Peaceful reſt, dear parent ſhade—
Light the earth be on thee laid:
In thy daughter's pious mind
All thy virtues live enſhrin'd.

MARCH and CHORUS. *Handel.*

Crown with feſtal pomp the day,
Be mirth extravagantly gay:
Bid the grateful altars ſmoke;
Bid the maids the youths provoke
To join the dance, while muſic's voice
Tells aloud our rapt'rous joys.

A C T II.

TE DEUM. *Handel.*

VERSE and CHORUS, Miſs HARWOOD, Mr. HARRISON, Mr. KNYVETT, and Mr. PARRY.

WE praiſe thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worſhip thee: the Father everlaſting.

To thee all angels cry aloud: the heavens and all the powers therein.

VERSE and CHORUS, Mrs. AMBROSE.

To thee cherubin and ſeraphin: continually do cry,

Holy, holy, holy: Lord God of Sabaoth.

Heaven and earth are full of the majeſty: of thy glory.

TRIO and CHORUS, Mrs. WARTON, Mr. HARRISON, and Mr, KNYVETT.

The glorious company of the apoſtles: praiſe thee.

The goodly fellowſhip of the prophets: praiſe thee.

The nobly army of martyrs: praiſe thee.

The holy church throughout all the world: doth acknowledge thee.

The Father: of an infinite Majeſty;

Thine honourable, true: and only Son;

Alſo the Holy Ghoſt: the Comforter.

CHORUS.

Thou art the King of Glory: O Chriſt.

Thou art the everlaſting Son: of the Father.

SOLO VERSE, Mrs. BILLINGTON.

When thou tookeſt upon thee to deliver man: thou didſt not abhor the Virgin's womb.

QUARTETTO and CHORUS, Miſs HARWOOD, Meſſrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT, & PARRY.

When thou hadſt overcome the ſharpneſs of death: thou didſt open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou ſitteſt at the right hand of God: in the glory of the Father.

DUET and CHORUS, Mr. HARRISON and Mr. KNYVETT.

We believe that thou ſhalt come: to be our judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy ſervants: whom thou haſt redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy ſaints: in glory everlaſting.

O Lord ſave thy people: and bleſs thine heritage.

Govern them: and lift them up for ever.

Day by day: we magnify thee.

And we worſhip thy name: ever world without end.

SOLO VERSE and CHORUS, Mr. HARRISON.

Vouchſafe, O Lord: to keep us this day without ſin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us: as our truſt is in thee.

CHORUS.

O Lord, in thee have I truſted: let me never be confounded.

SONG, Miſs HARWOOD.

Non vi piacque, ingiuſti Dei
Ch'io naſceſſi paſtorella;
Altra pena or non avrei
Che la cura d'un agnella,
Che l'affetto d'un paſtor.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Brilla nell alma
Un non inteſo ancor
Dolce contento
E d'alta gioia il cor.
Soave inonda
Si nella calma
Azurra brilla mar
Se ſplende il ſole
E il rai fan tremolar
Tranquilla l'onda. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS.

Praiſe the Lord with harp and tongue,
Praiſe him all ye old and young,
He's in mercy ever ſtrong.
Praiſe the Lord through every ſtate,
Praiſe him early, praiſe him late,
God alone is good and great.—
Let the loud HOSANNAHS riſe,
Widely ſpreading through the ſkies—
God alone is good and wiſe.

END OF THE EIGHTH CONCERT.

N. B. *Such Perſons as are deſirous of continuing Subſcribers to the* Concerts of Ancient Muſic, *the next Year, are requeſted to ſend their Names, in Writing, to* Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. *St. James's-Square, on or before* Wedneſday *the* 22d *of* May, 1787.

No. 9.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF EXETER.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25th, 1787.

ACT I.

OVERTURE, *(Ariadne)*	*Handel.*
Song. Caro Vieni, *(Richard)*	*Handel.*
Song. Torbido in volto	*Pergoleſi.*
Chorus. He ſmote, *(Iſrael in Egypt)*	*Handel.*
9th CONCERTO, Op. 6.	*Aviſon.*
Recit. Ah whence, and Song, Who can tell, *(Nabal)*	*Handel.*
Song. Spoſo ingrato, *(Rhadamiſtus)*	*Handel.*
Introduction and Chorus. Ye ſons of Iſrael, *(Joſhua)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

Song. Se poſſono tanto	*S. Bach.*
3d CONCERTO.	*Geminiani Corelli.*
Song. Thou didſt blow, *(Iſrael in Egypt)*	*Handel.*
Air and Chorus. In ſweeteſt harmony, *(Saul)*	*Handel.*
3d CONCERTO, Opera 5ta.	*Martini.*
Recit. and Song. Softly ſweet, *(Alexander's Feaſt)*	*Handel.*
Laſt Chorus in Gloria in excelſis	*Negri.*

A C T I.

S O N G, Mrs. **A M B R O S E.** *Handel.*

CARO vieni a me,
Fido vieni :
Puoi tu caro addolcire il duolo amaro.
Di chi pena ſol per te.
Penſa alla mia fè.
Penſa ancor al mio martir,
E che a tanti miei ſoſpir
Sarai ſolo la mercè,

SONG, Mr. **HARRISON.** *Pergoleſi.*

Torbido in volto e nero,
Senza che tuoni il Cielo,
Tacito è gonfio appare,
Senza alcun vento il mare ;
E in petto al paſſagiero
Il cor fa palpitar.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

He ſmote all the firſt-born of Egypt, the chief of all their ſtrength. But as for his people, he led them forth like ſheep. He brought them out like ſilver and gold: there was not one feeble perſon in all their tribes.

RECIT. accompanied, Mr. PARRY. *Handel.*

Ah! whence this ſudden dread? my ſhivering blood
Creeps cold along my veins! the mind, confus'd,
Suffers unutterable conflict.——
What? or where am I? all is dark as night!
My head a whirlwind, and my heart a ſtone.

AIR.

Oh! who can tell the terrors,
The terrors that ſurround me,
Oppreſs'd with wrath divine?
Sorrow, ſhame, and guilt, confound me!
I faint, I die!

No none can tell the terrors
That flow from wrath divine:
Sorrow, ſhame, and guilt, a thouſand thouſand horrors
Againſt me all combine,
I faint, I die!

My life a ſpan appears,
A cypher ſums my years.

Da Capo.

SONG, Mrs. BILLINGTON. *Handel.*

Spoſo ingrato ſi ma ſovvengati.
Crudele che fedele da te
Il piede io volgero.
Ma ſe poi crudel coſi
Non ſi pente il duro core
Il mio amore
Tutto in ſdegno cangero.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS.

Handel.

Ye ſons of Iſrael, every tribe attend,
Let grateful ſongs and hymns to Heaven aſcend;
In Gilgal, and on Jordan's banks, proclaim
One firſt, one laſt, one great Jehovah's name.

ACT II.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *S. Bach.*

Se poſſono tanto
Due luci vezzoſe,
Son degne di pianto
Le furie geloſe
D'un alma infelice,
D'un povero cor.

SONG, Mrs. WARTON. *Handel.*

Thou didſt blow with thy wind,
The ſea covered them;
They ſank as lead in the mighty waters.

AIR, Miſs HARWOOD, and CHORUS.

Handel.

In ſweeteſt harmony they liv'd,
Nor death their union could divide;
The pious ſon ne'er left his father's ſide,
But him defending bravely died;
A loſs too great to be ſurviv'd.
For Saul ye maids of Iſrael mourn,
To whoſe indulgent care
You owe the ſcarlet and the gold you wear,
And all the pomp in which your beauty long has ſhone.

CHORUS.

Oh! fatal day, how low the mighty lie!
Oh! Jonathan, how nobly didſt thou die!
For thy king and people ſlain.

AIR.

For thee, my brother Jonathan,
How great is my diſtreſs!
What language can my grief expreſs;
Great was the pleaſure I enjoyed with thee,
And more than woman's love thy wond'rous love to me!

CHORUS.

O fatal day! how low the mighty lie!
Where Iſrael is thy glory fled?
Spoil'd of thy arms and ſunk in infamy,
How canſt thou raiſe again thy drooping head?

RECIT. Mrs. BILLINGTON.

Handel.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

AIR.

Softly ſweet in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul in pleaſures.

CHORUS.

Negri.

Quoniam tu ſolus ſanctus, tu ſolus Dominus, tu ſolus altiſſimus, Jeſus Chriſte, cum ſancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

END OF THE NINTH CONCERT.

N. B. *Such Perſons as are deſirous of continuing Subſcribers to the* Concerts of Ancient Muſic *the next Year, are requeſted to ſend their Names, in Writing, to* Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. *St. James's-Square, on or before* Wedneſday *the* 22d *of* May, 1787.

(No. 10.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2d, 1787.

A C T I.

OVERTURE, *(Richard)*	*Handel.*
Song. Conſolami ſe brami, *(Deidamia)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. O Father whoſe, &c. *(Judas Macchabæus)*	*Handel.*
Song. Non ſo d'onde viene	*J. C. Bach.*
4th OVERTURE Op. 7th.	*Martini.*
Recit. I'll hear no more,	
Song. Pluck root and branch, *(Eſther)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Shall we the God, &c.	
Song. Io di mia man, *(Choice of Hercules)*	*Haſſe.*
Chorus. No more to Ammon's God, *(Jephtha)*	*Handel.*

A C T II.

2d OVERTURE, *(Paſtor Fido)*	*Handel.*
Song. Caro padre	*Perez.*
Song. Raſſerena il meſto ciglio	*Gluck.*
Chorus. Fix'd in his everlaſting ſeat, *(Samſon)*	*Handel.*
Trio. Non è amor, *(Alcina)*	*Handel.*
6th CONCERTO,	*Corelli.*
Song. Dolci aurette, *(Scipio)*	*Handel.*
Air. Jehovah crown'd. And Chorus, He comes, *(Eſther)*	*Handel.*

A C T I.

A C T I.

SONG, Mrs AMBROSE. *Handel.*

Conſolami ſe brami
Ch'io viva a te mio ben ;
Confortami ſe m'ami
Penſa che nel tuo ſen
Queſt' anima verrà.
Conſervami, l'affetto.
Recordate ch' aſpetto
Ch' renderla dorrà.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

O Father, whoſe almighty power
The heavens, and earth, and ſeas adore!
The hearts of Judah, thy delight,
In one defenſive band unite ;
And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to ſave!

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. *J. C. Back.*

Non sò d'onde viene
Quel tenero affetto
Quel moto che ignoto
Mi naſce nel petto;
Quel gel che le vene
Scorrendo mi vâ.
Nel ſeno a deſtarmi
Sí fieri contraſti,
Non parmi che baſti
La ſola pietà. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. Mr. PARRY.

I'll hear no more, it is decreed,
All the Jewiſh race ſhall bleed.
Hear, and obey what Haman's voice commands:
Hath not the Lord of all the eaſt
Giv'n all his pow'r unto my hands?
Hear all ye nations far and wide,
Which own our monarchs ſway,
Hear and obey.

SONG.

Pluck root and branch from out the land,
Shall I the God of Iſrael fear ?
Let Jewiſh blood dye ev'ry hand,
Nor age, nor ſex, I'll ſpare.
Raze, raze their temple to the grouud
And let their place no more be found.

CHORUS.

Shall we the God of Iſrael fear ?
Nor age, nor ſex we'll ſpare.
Pluck root and branch from out the land.

SONG, Mrs. BILLINGTON. *Haſſe.*

Io di mia man la fronte
T'adornerò d'allori,
Terger nei bei ſudori
Io di mia man ſaprò.
Piane le vie ſcoſceſe,
Certe le dubbie impreſe,
Piacevoli gli affanni
Sempre ti renderò.

A a *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Handel.*

No more to Ammon's god and king,
Fierce Moloch, ſhall our cymbals ring,
In diſmal dance about the furnace blue;
Chemoſh no more
Will we adore
With timbrell'd anthems to Jehovah due.

ACT II.

SONG, Miſs HARWOOD *Perez.*

CARO padre a me non dei,
Rammentar che padre ſei
Io lo ſo.
Ma in queſti accenti,
Non ritrovo il genitor,
Non ſon io.
Che ti conſiglia,
E il reſpetto d'un regnante,
E l'affetto d'una figlia,
E il rimorſo del tuo cor.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Gluck.*

Raſſerena il meſto ciglio,
Non è ver, non vado a morte;
Vò con lieta, e fauſta ſorte
Il mio fato ad incontrar.
Tu mi ſerba la conſtanza,
Queſta ſola è la ſperanza
Che mi porta a giubilar. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Handel.*

Fix'd in his everlaſting ſeat,
Jehovah rules the world in ſtate.
Great Dagon rules the world in ſtate.
His thunder roars, heav'n ſhakes, and earth's aghaſt.
The ſtars with deep amaze,
Remain in ſtedfaſt gaze.
Jehovah is, of gods, the firſt and laſt.
Great Dagon is, of gods, the firſt and laſt.

TRIO.

A. Non è amor, nè geloſia
è pieta
H. Che aſcoſe frodi,
A. E' deſio che lieta godi,
R. Che fallaci infido accenti.
A. Non t'offendo
R. Indegna taci.
A. Non t'inganno,
H. Iniqua menti,
A. Cruda donna
Rio tiranno,
Non voglio da tua mercè,
R. } Mon ſperar da noi merce.
H. }
H. Caro ſpoſo
R. Anima mia,
A. Solo affanni è ſolo pene,
Premio fian di voſtra fè.]
R. } Solo gloie è ſolo bene,
H. } Premio fian di noſtra fè.

SONG, Mrs. BILLINGTON. *Handel.*

Dolci aurette
Che ſpirate deh volate
All idol mio poi tornate
A dir dov'e
Aure dolci ſe'l trovate
Velo ceſſime tornate
Oh poteſſi
Ove ſon io
Dolci auretta
Far voi retorno a me.

AIR, Mrs. WARTON, and CHORUS. *Handel.*

Jehovah crown'd with glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal light;
Whoſe miniſters are flames of fire;
Ariſe, and execute thine ire.

CHORUS.

He comes, he comes to end our woes,
And pour his vengeance on our foes.
Earth trembles, lofty mountains nod;
Jacob ariſe, and meet thy God.

END OF THE TENTH CONCERT.

N. B. *Such Perſons as are deſirous of continuing Subſcribers to the* Concerts of Ancient Muſic *the next Year, are requeſted to ſend their Names, in Writing, to* Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. *St. James's-Square, on or before* Wedneſday *the* 22d *of* May, 1787.

(No. 11.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF EXETER, FOR
THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9th, 1787.

ACT I.

OVERTURE, *(Joſeph)*	*Handel.*
Song. O godlike youth, *(Saul)*	*Handel.*
Song. Miſero Pargoletto	*Peradies.*
Chorus. Gloria in excelſis	*Pergoleſi.*
Song. Falſa imagine, *(Otho)*	*Handel.*
9th CONCERTO.	*Corelli Geminiani.*
Song. Or ch'è ſalvo	*Haſſe.*
Chorus. Bleſt be the man, *(Joſeph)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE, *(Rhadamiſtus)*	*Handel.*
Song. Il confine della vita, *(Muzio Scævola)*	*Handel.*
Song. Bella notte, *(Scipio)*	*Handel.*
Firſt Chorus of Te Deum	*Graun.*
Recit. Oh worſe than death. Song. Angels ever, *(Theodora)*	*Handel.*
6th CONCERTO, Op. 3d.	*Aviſon.*
Song. Pleaſure my former way, *(Time and Truth)*	*Handel.*
Duet. Joys in gentle train, *(Athalia)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Praiſed be the Lord, *(Anthems)*	*Handel.*

A C T I.

SONG, Mrs. AMBROSE. *Handel.*

O GODLIKE youth! by all confeſs'd
Of human race the pride!
O virgin, among women bleſt,
Whom heaven ordains thy bride!
But ah! how ſtrong a bar I ſee
Betwixt my happineſs and me.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. *Paradies.*

Miſero Pargoletto,
Il tuo deſtin non ſai
Ah! non gli dite mai
Qual era il genitor.
Come in un punto oh Dio!
Tutto cambiò d'aſpetto!
Voi foſte il mio diletto,
Voi ſiete il mio terror.

Da Capo.

CHORUS. *Pergoleſi.*

Gloria in excelſis, Deo gloria ; et in terra pax, hominibus bona voluntas.

AIR, Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

Falſa imagine m'inganniſti
Mi moſtraſti un volto amabile
E quel volto m'allettò
Or ceſſato il dolce inganno
Trovo orrore trovo affanno
Trovo gioie il cor ſperò.

SONG, Mrs. BILLINGTON. *Haſſe.*

Or ch'è ſalvo l'idol mio
E il ſuo cor ritrova calma
Ah perche non può queſt' alma
Lieta in pace almen morir.
Varcherei l'eterno oblio
Nudo ſpirto ombra vagante
Ma con anima coſtante
Darei fine al mio martir *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Handel.*

Bleſt be the man by pow'r unſtain'd,
Virtue there itſelf rewarding!
Bleſt be the man to wealth unchain'd,
Treaſure for the public hoarding.

A C T II.

SONG, Mrs. WARTON. *Handel.*

Il confine della vita
Quel ſara del mio penar
Deh, chi langue ſenz Aita
Vieni o morte a Conſolar. *Da Capo.*

SONG, Mrs. BILLINGTON. *Handel.*

Bella notte
Senza ſtelle
Chiaro ſole
Senza rai
Tu vedrai nó il mio core.
Senz amore
E ſenzate.
Mancheranno al mar le ſponde
Mancheranno a i fiumi l'onde
Pria che manche ra
La mia fè. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Graun.*

Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur, Te æternum Patrem, omnes terra, veneretur.

SOLI.

Tibi omnes angeli, Tibi cœli et univerſæ poteſtates: Tibi cherubim et ſeraphim inceſſabili voce proclamant,

CHORUS.

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth: Pleni ſunt cœli et terra majeſtatis gloriæ tuæ.

RECIT. Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

Oh worſe than death---lead me, ye guards,
Lead me, or to the rack, or to the flames;
I'll thank your gracious mercy.

AIR.

Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, O take, me to your care;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

Pleaſure, my former ways reſigning,
To virtue's cauſe inclining,
Thee pleaſure now I leave.
Leſt when my ſpirits fail me,
Repentance can't avail me,
Nor ſickneſscomfort give. *Da Capo.*

DUET, Mrs. BILLINGTON and Miſs HARWOOD.

Joys, in gentle trains appearing,
Heav'n does to my fair impart;
And, to make them more endearing,
I ſhall ſhare them with thy heart.

Softer joys will but deceive me,
Hadſt not thou thy happy part.
O, my deareſt lord, believe me,
Thou ſhalt ſhare them with my heart.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

Praiſed be the Lord. Bleſſed be God.
Hallelujah.

END OF THE ELEVENTH CONCERT.

N. B. *Such Perſons as are deſirous of continuing Subſcribers to the* Concerts of Ancient Muſic *the next Year, are requeſted to ſend their Names, in Writing, to* Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. *St. James's-Square, on or before* Wedneſday *the* 22d *of* May, 1787.

(No. 12.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, BART. FOR THE EARL OF UXBRIDGE.

CONCERT OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16th, 1787.

A C T I.

5th HAUTBOY CONCERTO, *Handel.*

Recit. The ſong began from Jove.
Chorus. The liſt'ning cloud, *(Alexander's Feaſt)* } *Handel.*

Recit. Di quel maſſo al eſempio.
Song. Viva fonte ſia, &c. *(J. Pelligrini al Sepoloro)* } *Haſſe.*

Chorus. Hear Jacob's God, *(Samſon)* *Handel.*

1ſt CONCERTO, Op. 7ma. *Geminiani.*

Song. Oft on a plat, *(L'Allegro)* *Handel.*

Chorus. The many rend the ſkies, *(Alexander's Feaſt)* *Handel.*

A C T II.

4th CONCERTO. *Corelli.*

Duet and Chorus. Let's imitate, *(Alexander's Feaſt)*
Chorus. Let old Timotheus, *(Alexander's Feaſt)*
Song. Vieno caro e mi conſolar.
11th GRAND CONCERTO.
Song. Brilla nel alma, *(Alexander)*
Anthem. My heart is inditing,
Song. Heart the ſeat of ſoft delight, *(Acis and Galatea)*
Gloria Patri,

} *HANDEL.*

A C T I.

RECIT. Accompanied, Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

THE ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the power of love)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
Sublime, on radiant ſpires, he rode.
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt;
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf—a ſovereign of the world.

C H O R U S.

THE liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound,
A preſent Deity! they ſhout around;
A preſent Deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.

RECITATIVE, Signora STORACE. *Haſſe.*

Di quel maſſo al eſempio
Spezzati o duro core
O monte o croce
O rimembranza
O immenza
Del Redentor contà
Compagni al ſuolo
Chi di noi proſternato
Non deteſta la colpa
Cagion di tanto duolo.
E' à pie' del ſaſſo
Che del ſangue divin
L'ultime ſtelle di raccoglier
Fú degno con ingrate Pupille
Formar chi ardiſce
Al lagrimar ritegno.

A I R.

Viva fonte ſia la fronti
E' trabocci da queſt' occhi
Deſtemprato in pianto il cor.
Quanto ſangue tu verſaſte
Sparger lagrime deſio
Ma da noi dolce mio Dio
Piu ancor che lagrime
Tu chi e de amor.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

Hear Jacob's God, Jehovah hear!
O ſave us proſtrate at thy throne!
Iſrael depends on thee alone!
Save us, and ſhew that thou art near.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off curfew ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow, with ſullen roar:
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers, through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

The many rend the ſkies, with loud applauſe,
So love was crown'd, but muſic won the cauſe.

A C T II.

DUET, Mrs. WARTON and Mrs. AMBROSE.

Handel.

Let's imitate her notes above,
And may this evening ever prove
Sacred to harmony and love.

CHORUS.

Let's imitate her notes above,
And may this evening ever prove
Sacred to harmony and love.

CHORUS.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raiſ'd a mortal to the ſkies,
She drew an angel down.

SONG, Miſs HARWOOD. *Handel.*

VIENI o caro e mi conſola
Che ſe il viver t'è vièтato
Mori almeno in queſto ſen.
A penar non ſaro ſola—
Se 'l concede amica ſtella
Perche teco io verro men. *Da Capo.*

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Brilla nell alma
Un non inteſo ancor
Dolce contento
E d'alta gioia il cor.
Soave inonda
Si nella calma
Azurra brilla mar
Se ſplende il ſole
E i rai fan tremolar
Tranquilla l'onda. *Da Capo.*

A N T H E M. *Handel.*

My heart is inditing of a good matter; I ſpeak of the things which I have made unto the king.

Kings daughters were among thy honourable women.

Upon thy right hand did ſtand the queen in veſture of gold; and the king ſhall have pleaſure in thy beauty.

Kings ſhall be thy nurſing fathers, and queens thy nurſing mothers.

RECIT. Signora S T O R A C E. *Handel.*

'Tis done; thus I exert my pow'r divine,
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

S O N G.

Heart, the ſeat of ſoft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright!
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a chryſtal flood:
Rock, thy hollow womb diſcloſe
The bubbling fountain. lo! it flows,
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill his gentle love.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghoſt. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever ſhall be, world without end. Amen.

END OF THE TWELFTH CONCERT.

N. B. *Such Perſons as are deſirous of continuing Subſcribers to the* Concerts of Ancient Muſic *the next Year, are requeſted to ſend their Names, in Writing, to* Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. *St. James's-Square, on or before* Wedneſday *the* 22d *of* May, 1787.